

8-15-
JA

❧ Old Favorite Songs ❧

"And the night shall be filled with music and the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away."—Longfellow.

The House of Service



PUBLISHED BY

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. LTD. 333
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PHONES, MAIN A 1853-4-5.

What is Home Without a Piano?

EVEN when the family is alone the days will be brightened and the evenings passed more pleasantly with the help of music; then when company comes in, what can you offer in the way of entertainment that is as acceptable or that will please them as much? And in supplying music for the home the piano holds first place, because every person of refinement understands and enjoys piano music. The day has gone

by when people hesitate as to whether they would have a piano in the home or not. A home without a piano today is not a home at all in the true sense of the word. The question is no longer, "Shall we have a piano?" but "WHAT piano shall we have?"

*The immortal
Beethoven said:
"Where the
piano is, there
is the happiest
home."*

Music has become so essential to the enjoyment of life and is so absolutely indispensable to the education of everyone who expects to take any desirable place in society that every father and mother in the land must realize how important it is to their children to have the advantage of music right in their own home from their earliest childhood.

No child can be properly educated without music; no young man or woman can find their fullest enjoyment without the aid of music, and what brings greater pleasure or comfort to the declining years than music in the home?

To those in perfect health, as to those nervously or mentally ill, music is equally helpful. Its greatest value comes from the pleasurable emotional states it creates.

No other art appeals so strongly to the emotions. The man who has learned to love music has within his reach an unfailing source of joy.

And the joy which music brings to him echoes through his whole organism, stimulating all the physical processes within him.

The food he eats is more easily digested, his lungs work better, the quality of his blood is improved.

From all this his brain benefits, being better nourished. Consequently he finds it easier to reason, to remember, to plan, to execute.

You say you are not fond of music? Learn to be fond of it. You can learn, and it is well worth the effort.

OLD FAVORITE SONGS

\$45-
JA

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RULE BRITANNIA.

1. When Britain first at Heav'n's com-mand, A-rose from out the
 2. The na-tions not so blest as thee, Shall in . . . their turn to
 3. To thee be-longs the ru-ral reign, Thy cit-ies shall with

a-zure main, A-rose from out the a-zure main, the a-zure main,
 ty-rants bend, Shall in their turn to ty-rants bend, to ty-rants bend,
 com-merce shine, Thy cit-ies shall with commerce shine, with com-merce shine,

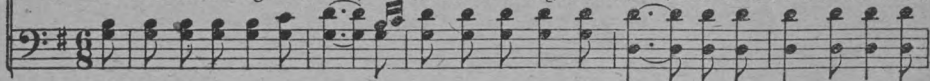
This was the charter, the charter of the land, And guardian an-gels sung this strain:
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free, And to the weak pro-tection lend.
 And lands far over, far o'er the spreading main, Shall stretch a hand to grasp with thine.

Rule, Bri-tannia, Bri-tannia rules the waves! Britons nev-er shall be slaves.

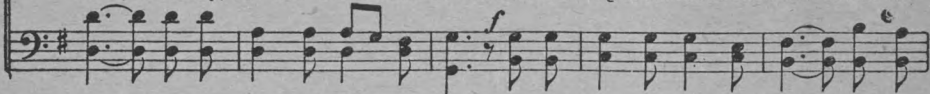
A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Allegro

- 1 A life on the ocean wave, A home on the roll-ing deep, Where the scattered waters
- 2 Once more on the deck I stand, Of my own swift-gliding craft, Set sail! farewell to the
3. The land is no longer in view, The clouds have begun to frown, But with a stout vessel and



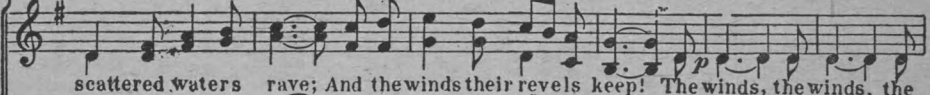
rave, And the winds their rev-els keep! Like an ea-gle caged, I pine On this land, The gale fol-lows far a-baft: We shoot thro' the sparkling foam, Like an crew, We'll say, let the storm come down! And the song of our heart shall be, While the



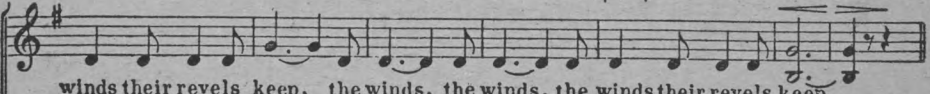
dull, unchanging shore; Oh, give me the flashing brine, The spray and the tempest roar!
o-cean bird set free; Like the ocean bird, our home We'll find far out on the sea!
winds and the waters rave, A life on the heaving sea, A home on the bounding wave!



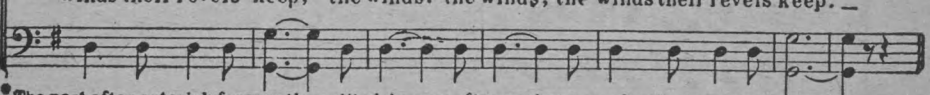
A life on the o cean wave, A home on the roll-ing deep! Where the



scattered waters rave; And the winds their revels keep! The winds, the winds, the



winds their revels keep, the winds. the winds, the winds their revels keep. —



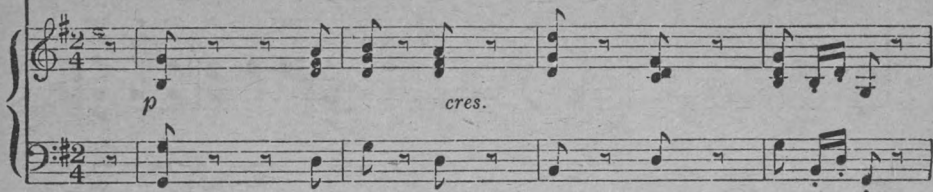
*The part after asterisk, frequently omitted, is sung after each verse, after last verse, or not at all.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

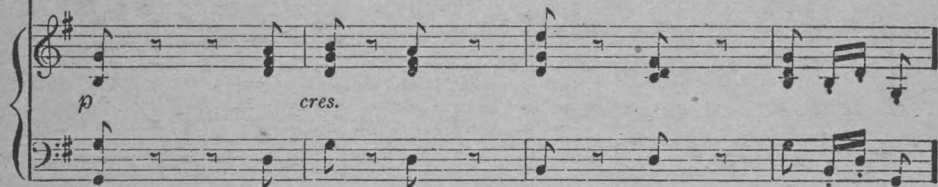
3



1. Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, And some of Her - cu - les, Of
2. When-e'er we are com-mand - ed To storm the pal - i - sades, Our
3. Then let us fill a bump - er, And drink a health to those Who



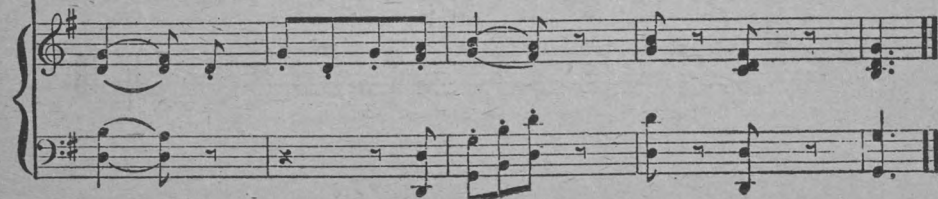
Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, And such great names as these;
lead - ers march with fu - sees, And we with hand - gre - nades;
car - ry caps and pouch - es, And wear the loup - ed clothes:



But of all the world's brave he - roes There's none that can com -
We throw them from the gla - cis A - bout the en - e - mies'
May they and their com - mand - ers Live hap - py all their



pare With a tow row row row row row, To the Brit-ish Gren - a - dier.
ears, Sing tow row row row row row, The Brit-ish Gren - a - diers.
years, With a tow row row row row row, For the Brit-ish Gren - a - diers.



Alice, Where Art Thou?

J. Ascher.
W. Guernsey

Andante con espressione

1. The birds sleeping gen-ly. Sweet Lu-na gleameth bright, Her rays tinge the for-est, And
2. The sil-ver rain fall-ing just as it fall-eth now; And all things sleep gen-ly! Ah!

all seems glad to-night. The wind sighing by me, Cool-ing my fever'd brow, The
Al-ice, where art thou? I've sought thee by lake-let, I've sought thee on the hill, And

stream flows as ev-er, Yet, Al-ice, where art thou? One year back this e-ven, And
in the pleas-ant wildwood. When winds blew cold and chill; I've sought thee in for-est; I'm

thou wert by my side, And thou wert by my side,
look-ing heav'n ward now, I'm look-ing heav'nward now,

Vow-ing to love me; One year past this e-ven, And
Oh! there 'mid the star-shine, I've sought thee in for-est, I'm

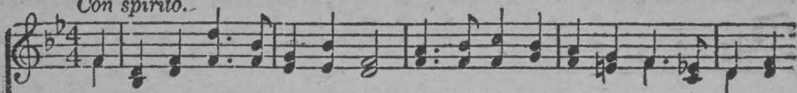
thou wert by my side, Vow-ing to love me, Al-ice, what-e'er might be-tide.
look-ing heav'nward now, Oh! there a-mid the star-shine, Al-ice, I know, art thou.

The Maple Leaf Forever.

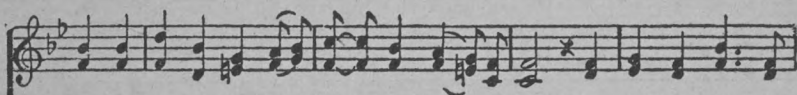
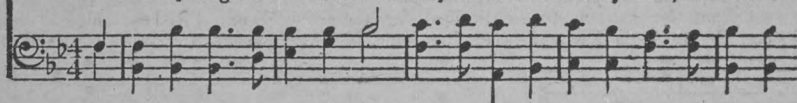
THE NATIONAL SONG OF CANADA.

Alexander Muir.

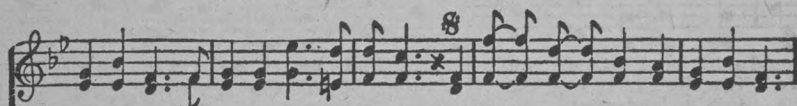
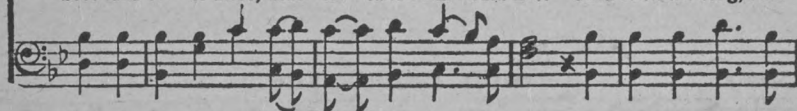
Con spirito.



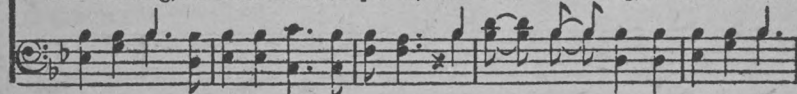
1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came, And planted
2. At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's Lane. Our brave fathers, side by side, For freedom,
3. Our fair Do - min - ion now extends From Cape Race to Nootka Sound; May peace for -
4. On Mer - ry England's far-famed land May kind Heaven sweetly smile; God bless Old



firm Bri-tan-nia's flag On Can-a-da's fair do-main; Here may it wave, our
homes, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood, and no - bly died; And those dear rights which
ev - er be our lot, And plen - teous store a-bound; And may those ties of
Scot-land ev - er-more, And Ire - land's Em - 'rald Isle: Then swell the song, both



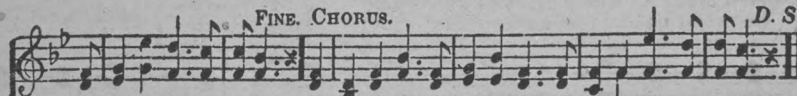
boast and pride, And join in love to-gether; The Lil-y, Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine,
they maintained, We swear to yield them never; Our watch - word ev - er-more shall be,
love be ours Which discord cannot sev-er; And flour - ish green o'er Freedom's home,
loud and long, Till rocks and forest quiv-er; God save our King, and Heaven bless



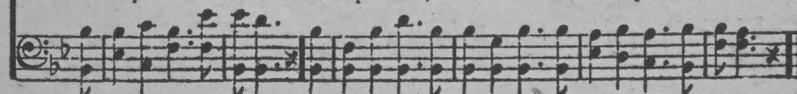
D. S.—God save our King, and Heaven bless

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.



The Maple Leaf forever. The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear, The Maple Leaf forever;



The Maple Leaf forever.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Lady John Scott.

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that An-nie
 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the
 3. Like dew on th'gow-an ly-ing Is th' fa' o'her fair-y feet, And like winds in sum-mer

Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true; Gave me her promise true, Which ne'er for-got will be,
 fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,
 sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me,

And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

p Slowly.

Auld Lang Syne.

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've
 3. We twa ha'e sported i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But
 4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

p CHORUS.

auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
 wan-dered mony a wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
 seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

For auld lang

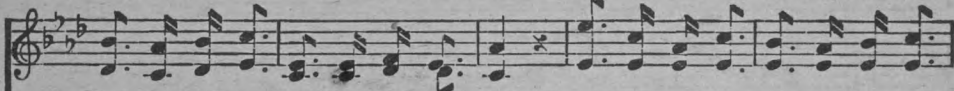
Repeat Chorus ff.

syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.

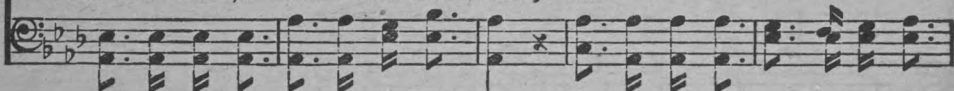
Comin' Thro' the Rye.



1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, or



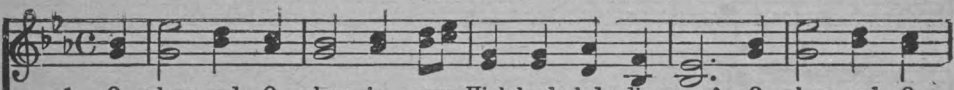
kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown? } Ev-'ry las-sie has her lad-die,
where's his name, I din-na choose to tell.



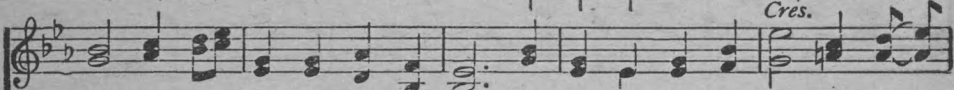
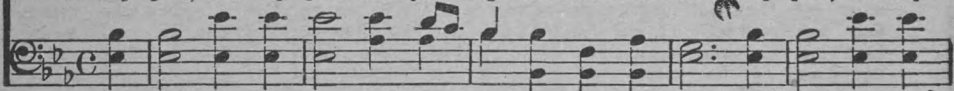
Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.



THE BLUE-BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

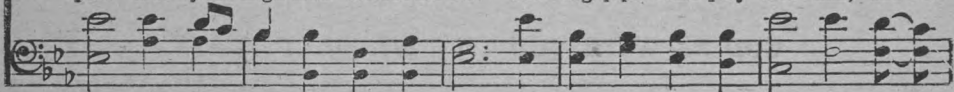


1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad-die gone? O where, and O
2. O where, and O where does your High-land lad-die dwell? O where, and O
3. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup-pose, and sup-

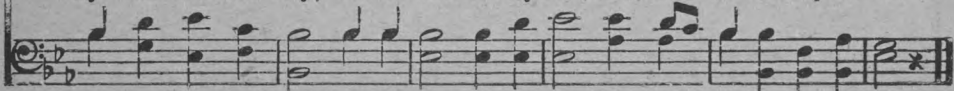


Cres.

where is your High-land lad-die gone? He's gone to fight the foe, for King
where does your High-land lad-die dwell? He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land, at the
pose that your High-land lad should die? The bag-pipes shall play o'er him, and I'd



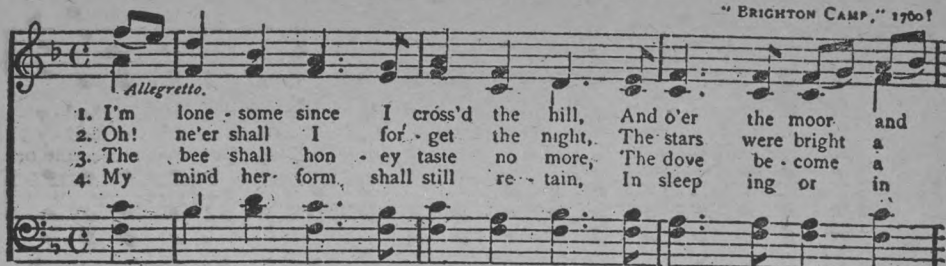
George up-on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
sign of the Blue-Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.
lay me down and cry; But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.



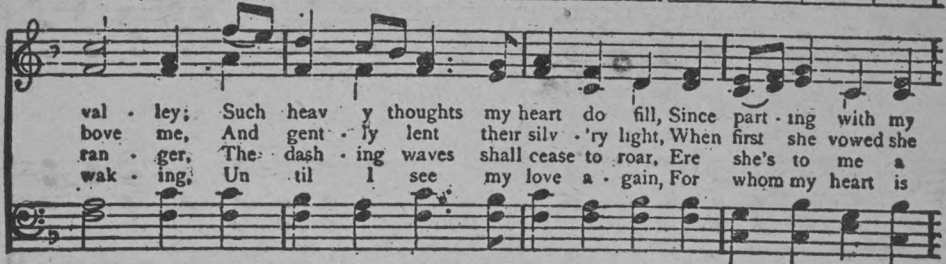
THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

"BRIGHTON CAMP," 1760!

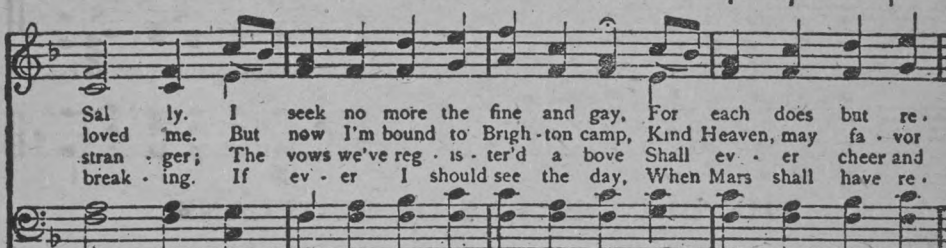
Allegretto.



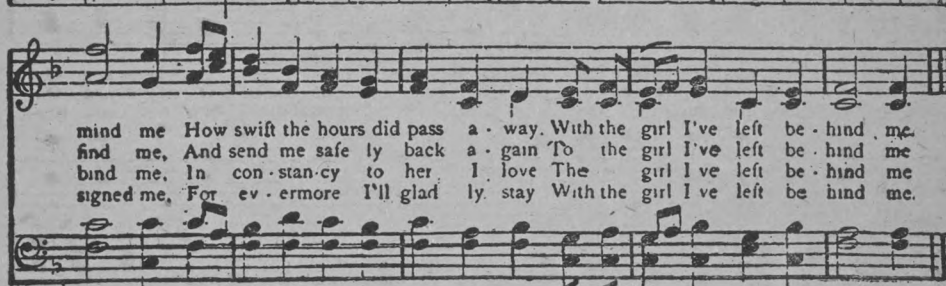
1. I'm lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and
 2. Oh! ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a
 3. The bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a
 4. My mind her form, shall still re - tain, In sleep ing or in



val - ley; Such heav - y thoughts my heart do fill, Since part - ing with my
 above me, And gent - ly lent their silv - 'ry light, When first she vowed she
 stran - ger, The dash - ing waves shall cease to roar, Ere she's to me a
 wak - ing, Un - til I see my love a - gain, For whom my heart is

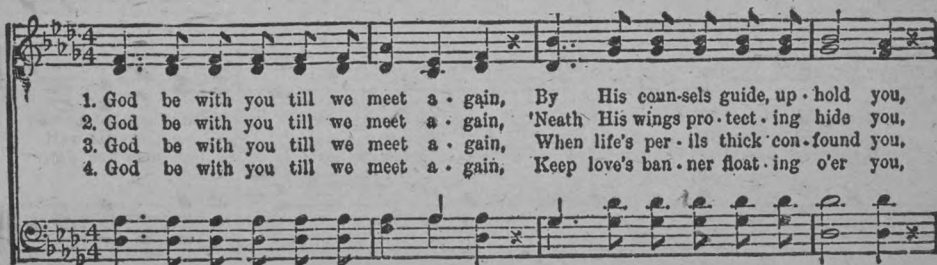


Sal - ly. I seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re -
 loved me. But now I'm bound to Brighton camp, Kind Heaven, may fa - vor
 stran - ger; The vows we've reg - is - ter'd a bove Shall ev - er cheer and
 break - ing. If ev - er I should see the day, When Mars shall have re -



mind me How swift the hours did pass a - way. With the girl I've left be - hind me.
 find me, And send me safe ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind me
 bind me, In con - stan - cy to her, I love The girl I've left be - hind me
 signed me, For ev - ermore I'll glad ly stay With the girl I've left be - hind me.

GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN.



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun - sels guide, up - hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings pro - tect - ing hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con - found you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float - ing o'er you,

GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN.—Con.

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Dai-ly man-na still di-vidè you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Smite death's threatening wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

ROBIN ADAIR.

Caroline Keppel.

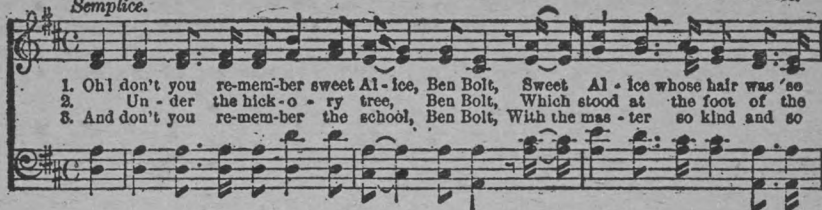
1. { What's this dull town to me? Rob-in's not near; }
 { What was't I wished to see, What wished to hear? } Where's all the joy and mirth
 { What made th'as-sem-bly shine? Rob-in A-dair; }
 2. { What made the ball so fine? Rob-in was there; } What, when the play was o'er,
 3. { But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob-in A-dair; }
 { But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob-in A-dair; } Yet him I loved so well,

That made this town, heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob-in A-dair.
 What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part-ing with Rob-in A-dair.
 Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for-get Rob-in A-dair.

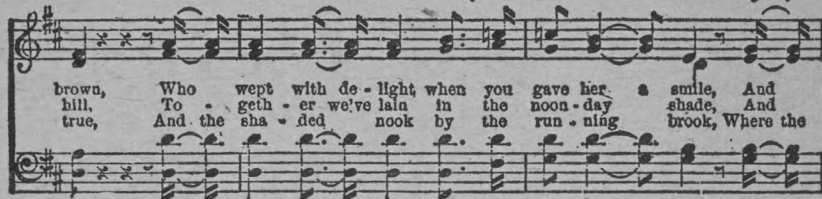
Thomas Dunn English,
Semplice.

Ben Bolt.

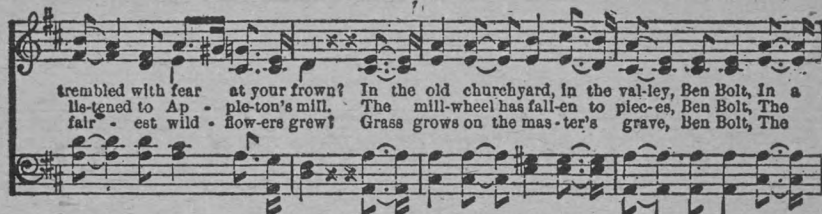
Nelson Kneass.



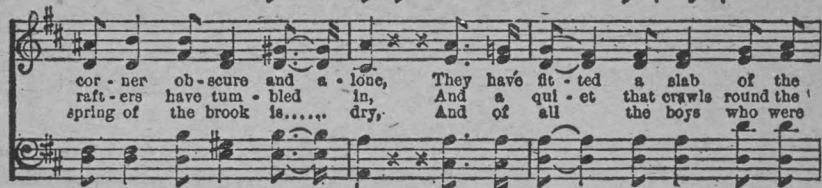
1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice whose hair was 'se
2. Un-der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the
3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so



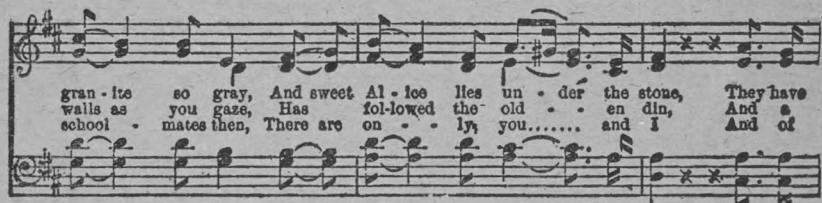
brown, Who wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And
hill, To geth-er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And
true, And the sha-ded nook by the run-ning brook, Where the



trembled with fear at your frown? In the old churchyard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a
He-tened to Ap-ple-ton's mill. The mill-wheel has fall-en to piec-es, Ben Bolt, The
fair-est wild-flow-ers grew! Grass grows on the mas-ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The

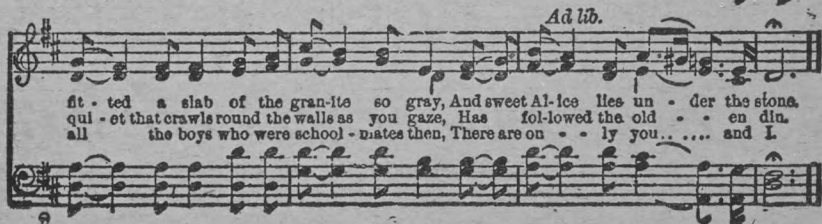


cor-ner ob-scure and a-lone, They have sit-ted a slab of the
raft-ers have tum-bled in, And a qui-et that crawls round the
spring of the brook is..... dry, And of all the boys who were



gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone, They have
walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old-en din, And a
school-mates then, There are on-ly you..... and I And of

Ad lib.



fit-ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone.
qui-et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old-en din.
all the boys who were school-mates then, There are on-ly you..... and I

HOME, SWEET HOME.

11

John Howard Payne,

H. R. Bishop.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my

hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there,
moth - er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage door,
low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my call.

Fine. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where. }
Thro' the wood-bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. } Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dear-er than all. }

D. S.—There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine, Or leave a kiss with -
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon'ring thee, As giv - ing it a

in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth
hope that there it could not with - er'd be; But thou thereon didst on - ly breathe, And

ask a drink di - vine, But might I of Jove's nectar sip, I would not change for thine.
sent it back to me, Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of itself but thee.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Allegretto con spirito.

1. To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhousespoke, "Ere the King's crown go down there are heads to be
 2. Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat; But the
 3. We've hills beyond Pentland, an' lands beyond Forth, If lords i' the south there are chiefs i' the north; We've
 4. "Then a - wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks, Ere I own a usurper I'd crouch wi' the fox; And

each Cav-a-lie who loves honor and me, Let him fol-low the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee."
 Provost (douce man) said "Just e'en let it be, For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."
 brave Duinewassels three thousand times three Will cry "Hey for the bonnets o' 'bonnie Dundee!"
 tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee, Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bonnets an' me.

Chorus to each verse.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come saddle my hor-ses, and call out my men; Un-

hook the west port, and let us go free, For it's up wi' the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee."

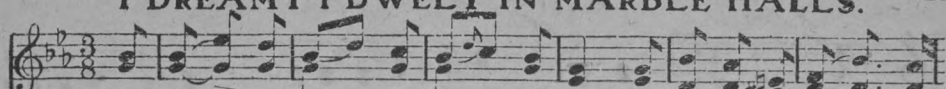
GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES.

1. Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
 2. Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
 3. Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.

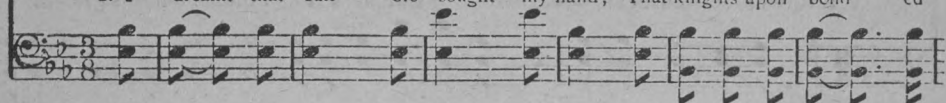
Mer-ri-ly we roll along, Roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer-ri-ly we roll along, Over the dark blue sea.

I DREAMT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

13



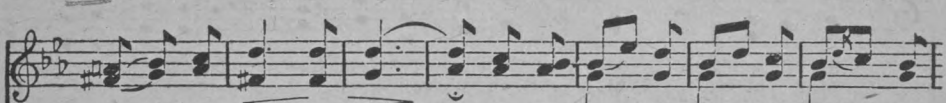
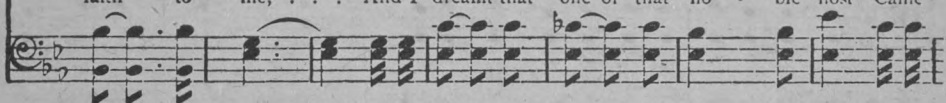
1. I dreamt that I . dwelt in mar ble halls, With vas - sals and serfs at my
2. I dreamt that suit ors sought my hand; That knights upon bend ed



side, . . And of all who as - sem - bled with - in those walls That I was the
knee, . . And with vows no maid - en heart could withstand, They pledg'd their



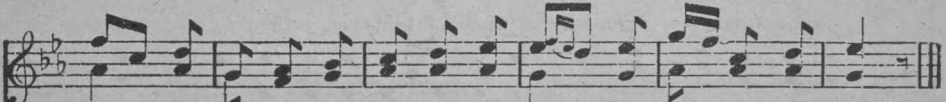
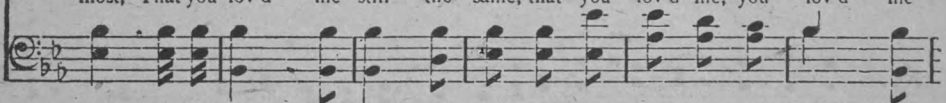
hope and the pride. . . I had rich - es too great to count; could boast Of a
faith to me, . . And I dreamt that one of that no - ble host Can.e



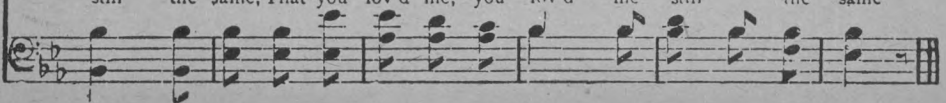
high an - ces - tral name; But I al - so dreamt, which pleas'd me
forth my hand to claim; But I al - so dreamt, which charm'd me



most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you lov'd me
most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you lov'd me



still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same
still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same



KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Andante. *mf* *mf* *f*

1. Kathleen Ma-vourneen, the gray dawn is breaking, The horn of the hunter is
2. Kathleen Ma-vourneen, a-wake from thy slumbers; The blue mountains glow in the

Small notes to be sung for 2d V.

mf

heard on the hill; The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing;
sun's golden light; Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers? A-

Kathleen Mavourneen, what! slum-bring still? Kathleen Mavourneen, what!
rise in thy beauty, thou star of my night; A-rise in thy beauty, thou

con amore affetto

slum-bring still? Or hast thou for-got-ten how soon we must sever? Oh!
star of my night! Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, my sad tears are falling, To

mf *fz* *mf*

hast thou for-gotten this day we must part? It may be for years, and it
think that from E-rin and thee I must part!

mf *semplice* *mf*

may be for-ev-er; Then why art thou si-lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for

years, and it may be for-ev-er; Then why art thou si-lent, Kathleen Ma-vourneen?

THE HEART BOWED DOWN.

1. The heart-bow'd down by weight of woe, To weak-est hopes will cling, To
2. The mind will in its worst de-spair. Still pon-der o'er the past, On

thought and im-pulse while they flow, That can no com-fort bring, that can, that
mo-ments of de-light that were Too beau-ti-ful to last, that were too

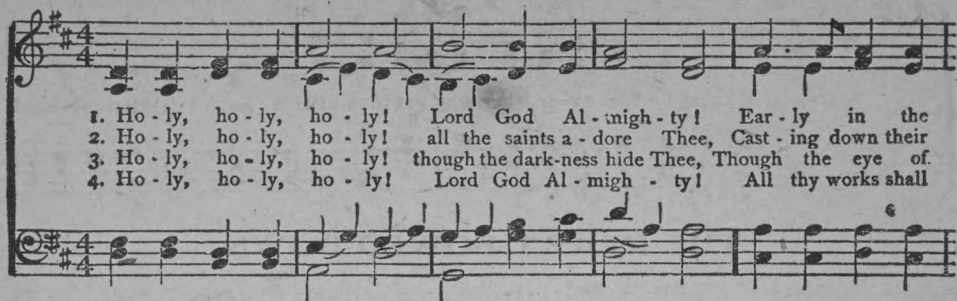
can no com-fort bring; To those ex-cit-ing scenes will blend, O'er
beau-ti-ful to last; To long de-part-ed years ex-tend, Its

pleasure's path-way thrown; But mem'ry is the on-ly friend That grief can call its
vis-ions with them flown; For mem'ry is the on-ly friend That grief can call its

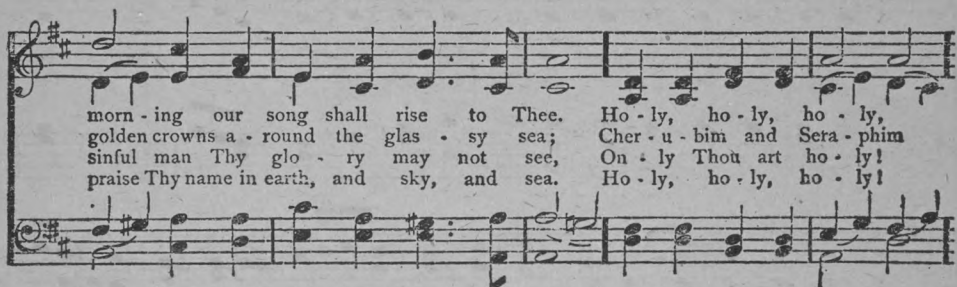
own, That grief can call its own....., That grief can call its own.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

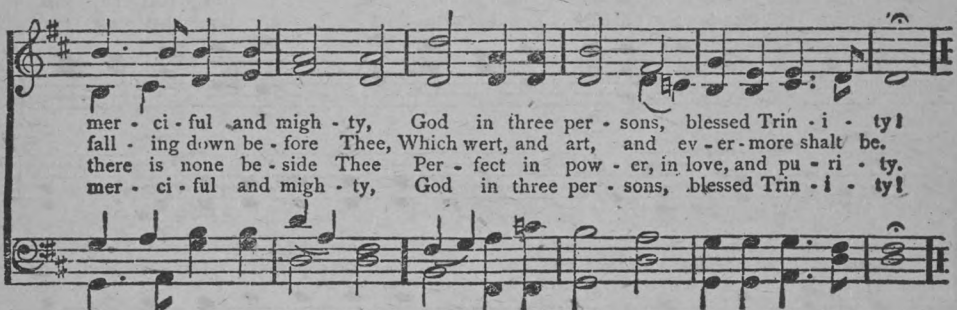
"НИМА."
J. B. DYKES. R. HENR.



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the dark-ness hide Thee, Though the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty! All thy works shall

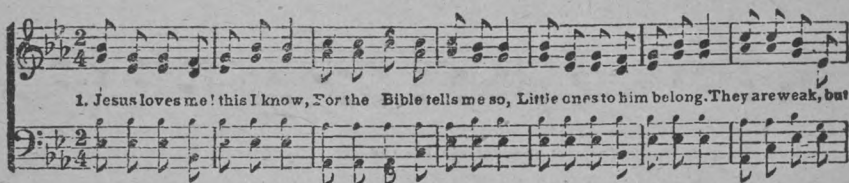


morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 golden crowns a - round the glas - sy sea; Cher - u - bim and Sera - phim
 sinful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
 praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!



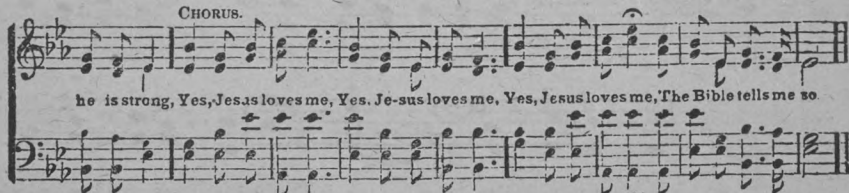
mer - ci - ful and migh - ty, God in three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow - er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and migh - ty, God in three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

JESUS LOVES ME.



1. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so, Little ones to him belong. They are weak, but

CHORUS.



he is strong, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so

2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
 Heaven's gate to open wide;
 He will wash away my sin,
 Let His little child come in.—Cho.

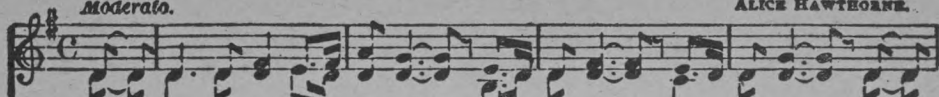
Jesus loves me! loves me still,
 Though I'm very weak and ill;
 From His shining throne on high,
 Comes to watch me where I lie.—Cho.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.


17

Moderato.


ALICE HAWTHORNE.




1. I'm dream-ing now of Hal-lie, sweet Hal-lie, sweet Hal-lie, I'm
 2. Ah! well I yet re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber, Ah!
 3. When the charms of spring a-wak-ed, a-wak-en, a-wak-en, When the



dreaming now of Hal-lie, For the thought of her is one that nev-er dies; She's
 well I yet re-mem-ber, When we gath-ered in the cot-ton, side by side; 'Twas
 charms of spring a-wak-en, And the mock-ing-bird is sing-ing on the bough, I

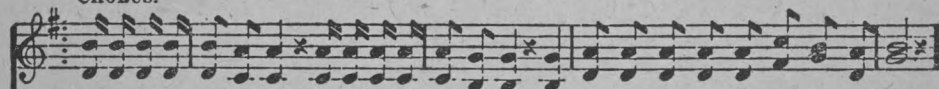


sleep-ing in the val-ley, the val-ley, the val-ley, She's
 in the mild Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, 'Twas
 feel like one for-sak-en, for-sak-en, for-sak-en, I

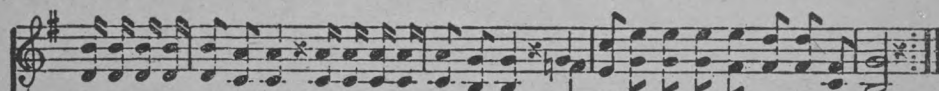


sleep-ing in the val-ley, And the mock-ing-bird is sing-ing where she lies.
 in the mild Sep-tem-ber, And the mock-ing-bird was sing-ing far and wide.
 feel like one for-sak-en, Since my Hal-lie is no long-er with me now.

CHORUS.

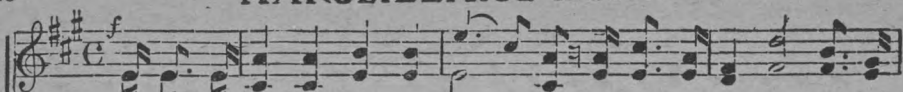


Listen to the mock-ing-bird, Listen to the mock-ing-bird, The mock-ing-bird still sing-ing o'er her grave;




Listen to the mock-ing-bird, Listen to the mock-ing-bird, Still sing-ing where the weeping willows wave.

MARSEILLAISE HYMN




1. Ye sons of Free-dom wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myr-iads bid you
 2. With lux-u-ry and pride sur-round - ed, The vile in-sa-tiate des-pots
 3. O Lib-er ty! can man re-sign thee, Once hav-ing felt thy gen-rous



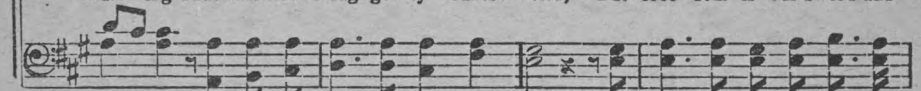
rise! Your chil-dren, wives, and grand-sires hoar-y, Be-hold their tears and hear their
 dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un-bound-ed, To mete and vend the light and
 flame? Can dungeons, bolts and bars con-fine thee? Or whips thy no-ble spir-it




cries! Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty-rants, mis-chief
 air, To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of bur-den would they
 tame? Or whips thy no-ble spir-it tame? Too long the world has wept be-



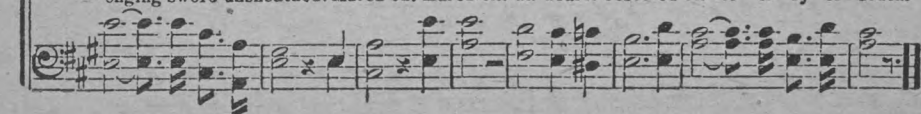
breed-ing, With hire-ling hosts, a ruf-fian band, Af-fright and des-o-late the
 load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a-dore; But man is man, and who is
 wail-ing That falsehood's dag-ger ty-rants wield; But free-dom is our sword and



land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleeding?
 more? Then shall they long-er lash and goad us? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-
 shield, And all their arts are un-a-vail-ing.



venging sword unsheathed! March on, march on! all hearts resolved on vic-to-ry or death.

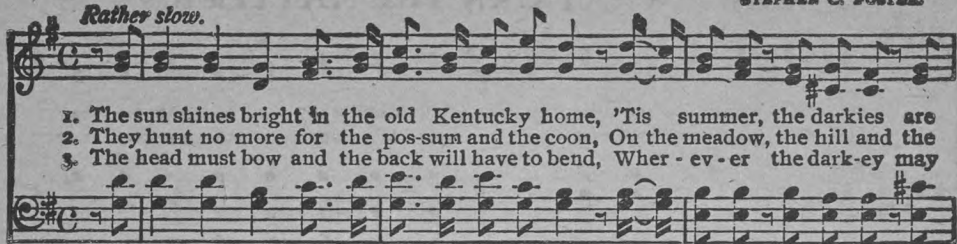


MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

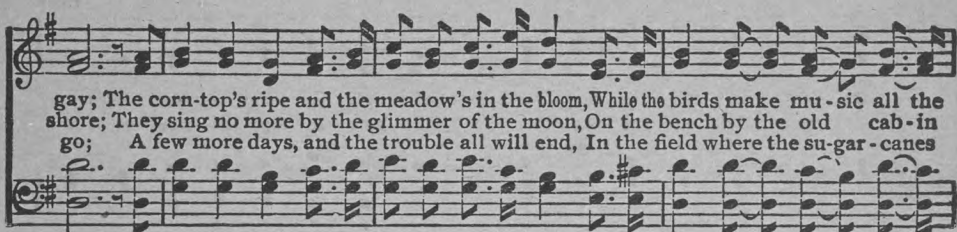
19

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

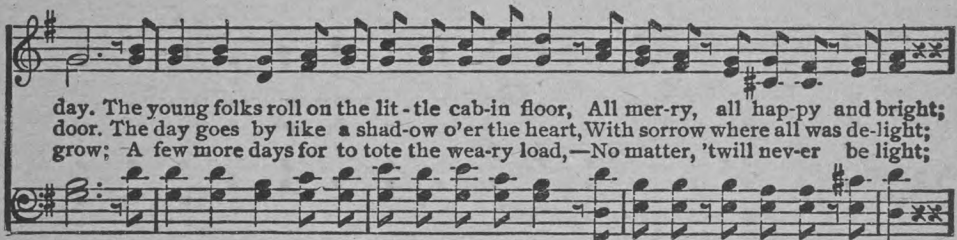
Rather slow.



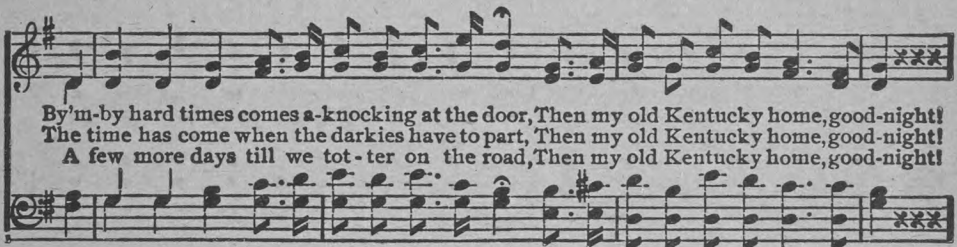
1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill and the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark-ey may



gay; The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the
 shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in
 go; A few more days, and the trouble all will end, In the field where the su - gar - canes

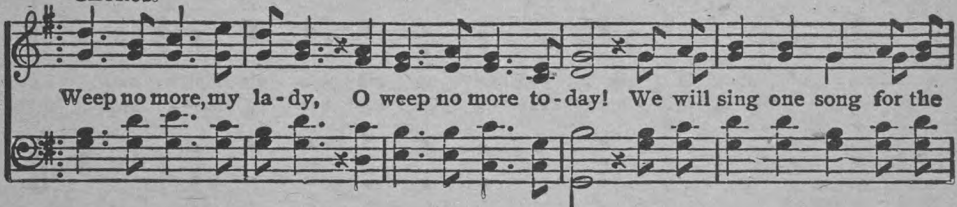


day. The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;
 door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was de-light;
 grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, — No matter, 'twill nev-er be light;

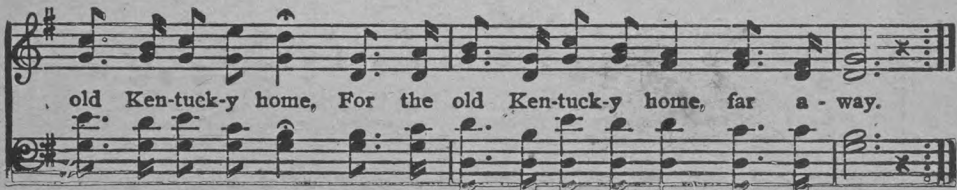


By'm-by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!
 The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!
 A few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

CHORUS.



Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the



old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a - way.

O DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

1. O dear! what can the mat - ter be? Dear, dear! what can the mat - ter be?
2. O dear! what can the mat - ter be? Dear, dear! what can the mat - ter be?

O dear! what can the mat - ter be? John - ny's so long at the fair!
O dear! what can the mat - ter be? John - ny's so long at the fair!

He prom - ised to bring me a fair - ing to please me, And then for a
He prom - ised to bring me a bas - ket of po - sies, A gar - land of

kiss, Oh! he vowed he would tease me; He prom - ised to bring me a
lil - ies, a gar - land of ro - ses; A lit - tle straw hat to set

bunch of blue rib - bons To tie up my bon - nie brown hair.
off the blue rib - bons That tie up my bon - nie brown hair.

ROSALIND.

Here cometh Ros - a - lind, chasing the bee, Bright as the sunshine up - on the blue sea.
"Ros - a - lind, Ros - a - lind, where have you been?" "O - ver the meadow, and over the green."
"Whom are your flowers for? where did they grow? Some like the blue sky, and some like the snow."
"Down by the merry brook, there's where they grew; And I have brought them, dear sister, for you."

GODFREY MARKS.

Con Spirito

1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleasant gale is on our
 2. The sail- or's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll- ing
 3. The tide is flow- ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev' ry

cres.

lee; And soon a- cross the o- cean clear Our gal- lant barque shall brave- ly
 sea; And nev- er heart more true or brave Than his who launch- es on the
 sail; The har- bor bar we soon shall clear; Fare- well once more to home so

steer, But ere we part from England's shores to- night, A song we'll sing for home and beauty bright
 wave, A- far he speeds in' distant climes to roam, With jocund song he rides the sparkling foam
 dear. For when the tem- pest rag- es loud and long, That home shall be our guiding star and song.

ad lib.

Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the hearts so true, Who will think of him upon the waters blue!

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main; For many a stormy wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home again!

ad lib.

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main; For many a stormy wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home again.

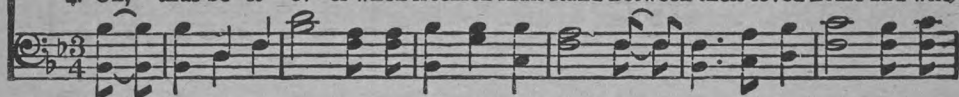
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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

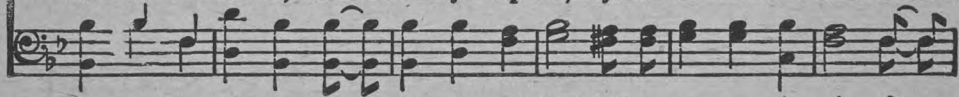
SOLO OR QUARTET.



1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their loved home and wild



twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous fight, O'er the
 sl - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er - ing steep, As it
 bat-tle's con-fu-sion A home and a country should leave us no more? Their
 war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the



ram-parts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs
 fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion. No ref-uge could save the
 Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our



CHORUS.

bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled
 hireling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-spangled
 cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled



star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 ban-ner: oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



Loch Lomond.

Old Scotch Song.

1. By yon bon-nie banks, And by yon bon-nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
 2. 'Twas then that we part-ed In yon shad-y glen, On the steep, steep side of Ben
 3. The wee bir-die sang, And the wild flowers spring, And in sun-shine the wa-ters are

Lo-mond, Where me and my true love Were ev-er wont to gae, On the
 Lo-mond, Where in pur-ple hue The Highland hills we view, And the
 sleep-ing, But the bro-ken heart it kens Nae sec-ond spring a-gain, Tho' the

CHORUS.
 Brisker.

bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mond.
 moon com-ing out in the gloam-ing. Oh! ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the
 wae-ful may cease frae their greet-ing.

low road, And I'll be in Scot-land a-fore ye, But me and my true love we'll

nev-er meet a-gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mond.

ABIDE WITH ME.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

WILLIAM HENRY MONK

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven-tide; The dark-ness thick - ens, Lord, with me a - bide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me.
 Who like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me.
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a - bide with me.

God Save the King.

Pomposo.

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,
 2. O Lord, our God, a - rise, Seat - ter his en - e - mies,
 3. Thy choi - cest gifts in store On him be pleased to pour,

1. God save the King. Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and
 2. And make them fall! Con - found their pol - i - ties Frustrate their
 3. Long may he reign! May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er

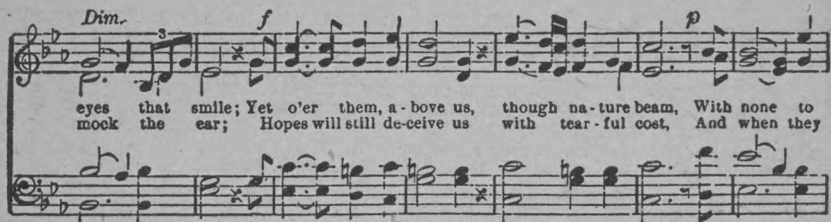
poco ritard. 3
 1. glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King!
 2. knav - ish tricks, On Thee our hopes we fix, God save us all!
 3. give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the King!

"Maritana."
W. V. WALLACE.

Tenderly.

1. Scenes that are brightest may charm for a while, Hearts that are light-est, and
2. Words can-not scat-ter the thoughts we fear, For tho' they flat-ter, they

Dim.



eyes that smile; Yet o'er them, a-bove us, though na-ture beam, With none to
mock the ear; Hopes will still de-ceive us with tear-ful cost, And when they

love us, how sad they seem! With none to love us, how sad they seem!
leave us the heart is lost! And when they leave us the heart is lost.

JUST AS I AM.

1 Just as I am, with-out one plea But that thy blood was shed for me,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

1 Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

Andante cantabile.

1. When oth er lips and oth er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In
 2. When cold-ness or de ceit shall slight The beau-ty now they prize, And

language whose ex cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well, There
 deem it but a fad ed light Which beams with-in your eyes; When

may, perhaps, in such a scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be Of days that have as
 hollow hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill break your own to see; In such a moment

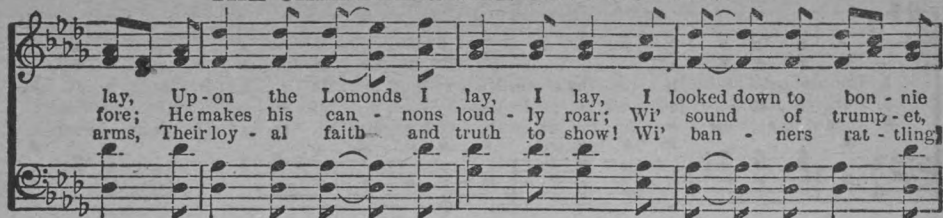
hap - py been, And you'll remember me, And you'll remember, you'll remember me.
 I but ask, That you'll remember me, That you'll remember, you'll remember me.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

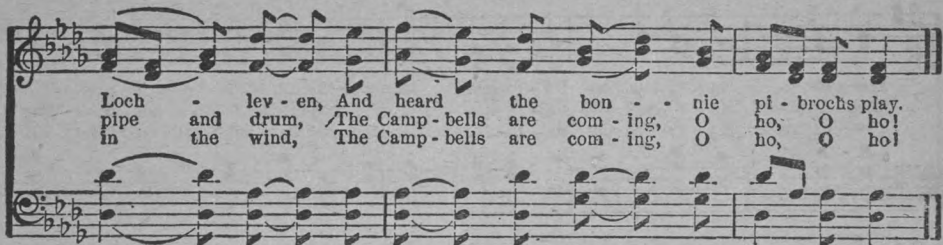
The Campbells are com-ing, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are com-ing, O

ho, O ho! The Campbells are com-ing to bon-nie Loch-lev-en, The

Camp-bells are com-ing, O ho, O ho! { 1. Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I
 2. Great Ar-gyle he goes be-fore, be-
 3. The Campbells, they are a' in



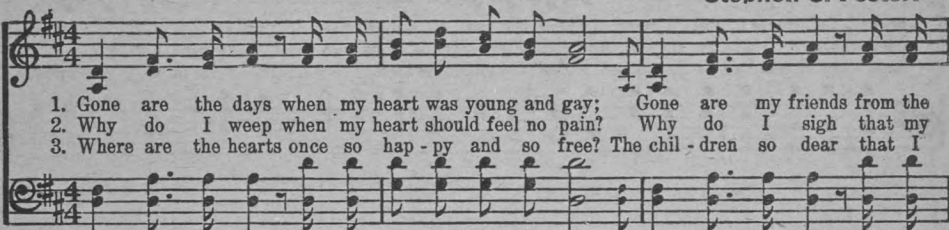
lay, Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I looked down to bon - nie
fore; He makes his can - nons loud - ly roar; Wi' sound of trump - et,
arms, Their loy - al faith and truth to show! Wi' ban - ners rat - tling!



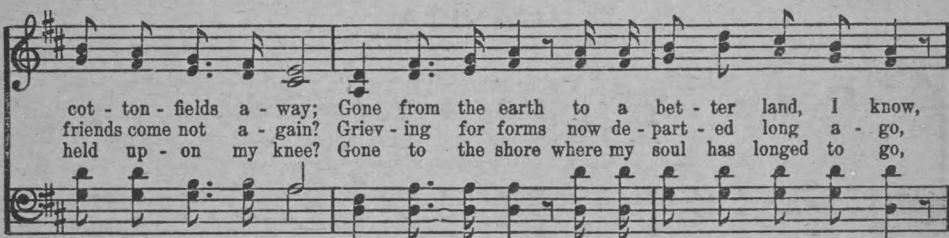
Loch - lev - en, And heard the bon - - nie pi - brochs play.
pipe and drum, The Camp - bells are com - ing, O ho, O ho!
in the wind, The Camp - bells are com - ing, O ho, O ho!

OLD BLACK JOE.

Stephen C. Foster.

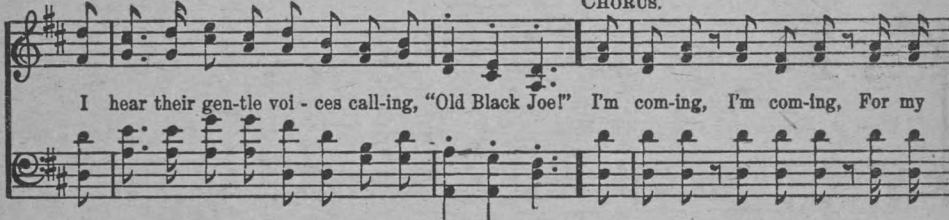


1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear that I

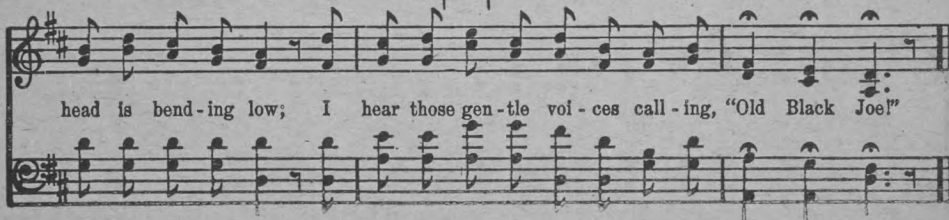


cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know,
friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go,
held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,

CHORUS.



I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my



head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

MY MARYLAND.

1. The des-pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! His torch is at thy
 2. Hark to an ex - iled son's ap-pel, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! My Moth - er State, to
 3. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! Thy gleaming sword shall

tem - ple door, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! A - venge the pa - tri - ot - ic gore That
 thee I kneel! Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy
 nev - er rust, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re -

flecked the streets of Bal - ti - more, And be the bat - tle-queen of yore, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land!
 peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land!
 mem - ber Howard's war-like thrust, And all thy slumb'ers with the just, Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land!

JUANITA.

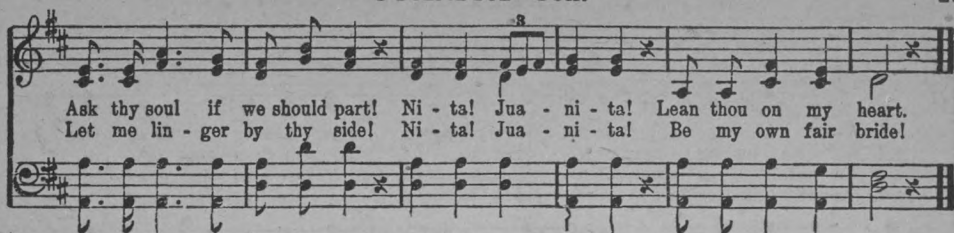
Mrs. Norton.

Spanish Melody.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Lin-g'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
 2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam-ing,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
 Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh?

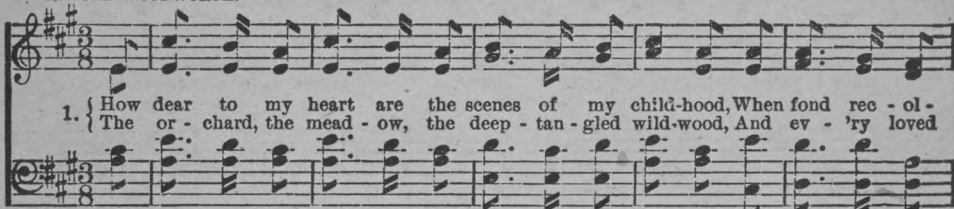
Wear-y looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well. Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
 In thy heart con - sent - ing To a prayer gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!



Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

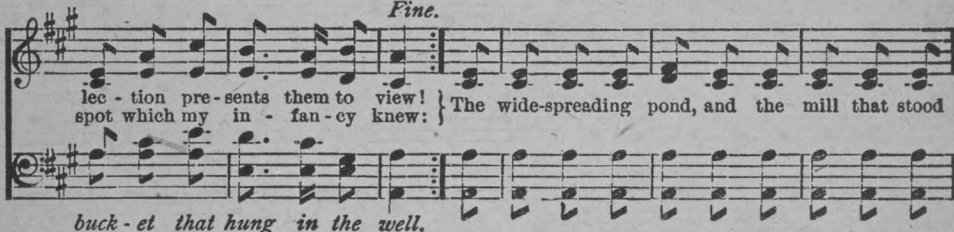
The Old Oaken Bucket.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

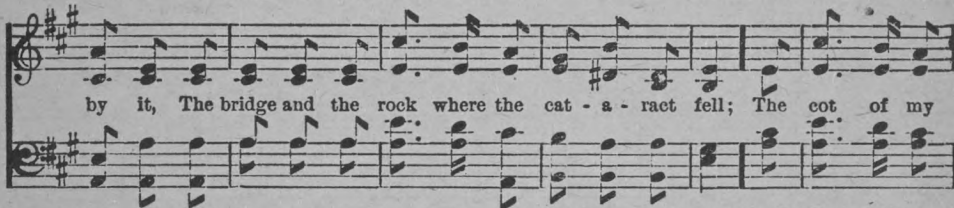


1. { How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol -
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan - gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved

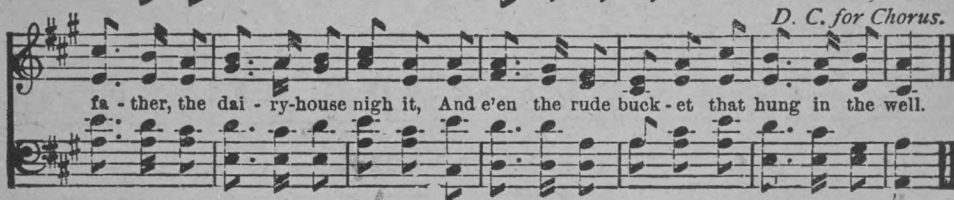
CHO.—The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck-et, The moss - cov - ered
Fine.



lec - tion pre - sents them to view! } The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in - fan - cy knew: }
buck - et that hung in the well.



by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; The cot of my



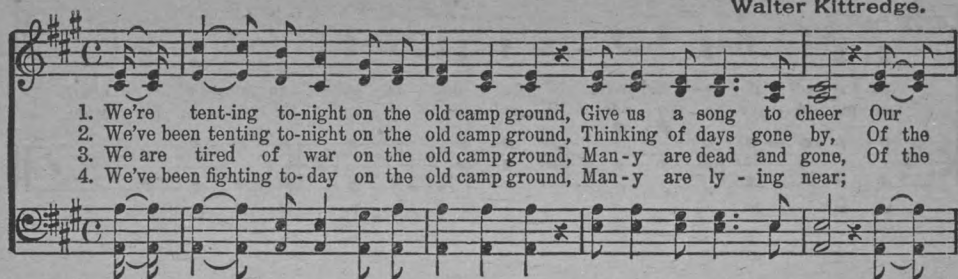
fa - ther, the dai - ry-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.
D. C. for Chorus.

That moss covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For e'en at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure.
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overdowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

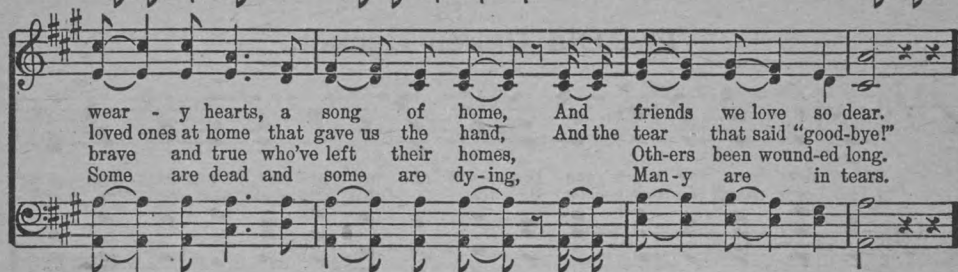
How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

WE'RE TENTING TO-NIGHT.

Walter Kittredge.

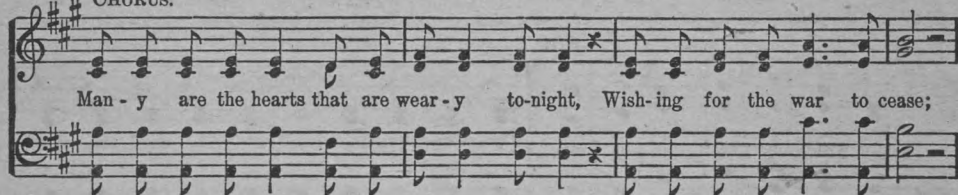


1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
 2. We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
 3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Man-y are dead and gone, Of the
 4. We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground, Man-y are ly-ing near;

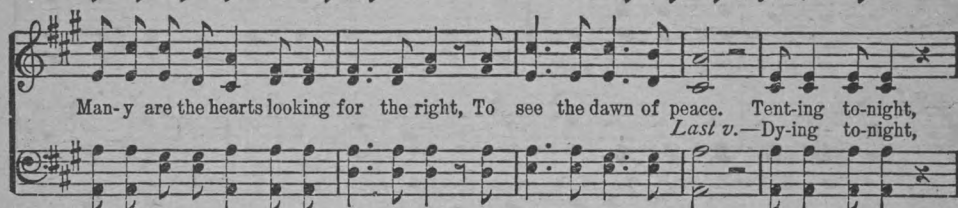


wear - y hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
 loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"
 brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wound-ed long.
 Some are dead and some are dy-ing, Man-y are in tears.

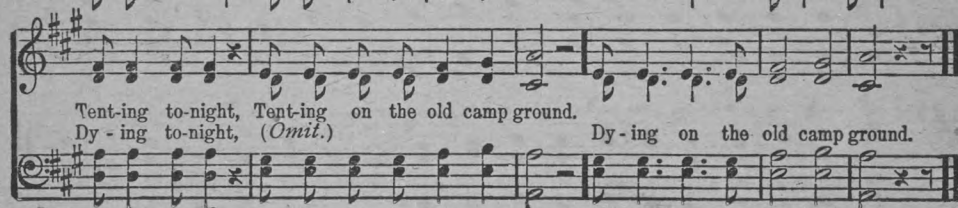
CHORUS.



Man - y are the hearts that are wear - y to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;

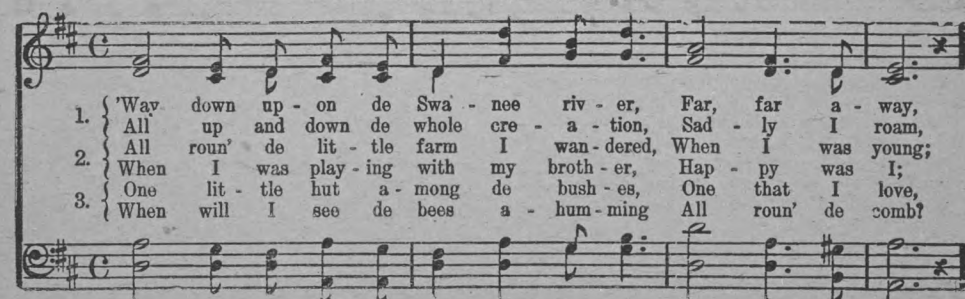


Man-y are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night,
Last v. Dy-ing to-night,




Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp ground.
 Dy - ing to-night, (*Omit.*) Dy - ing on the old camp ground.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.



1. 'Wav down up - on de Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way,
 All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam;
 2. All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan - dered, When I was young;
 When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I;
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One that I love,
 When will I see de bees a - hum - ming All roun' de comb?

Fine.




Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
 Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Den man - y hap - py days I squan - dered, Man - y de songs I sung.
 Oh! take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.
 When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?

D. S.—Oh! darkies, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from de old folks at home.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

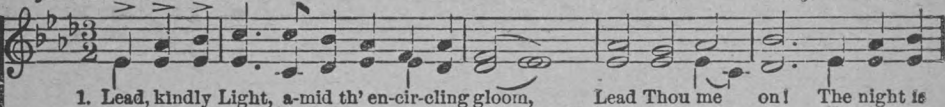


All de world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam;

Lead, Kindly Light.

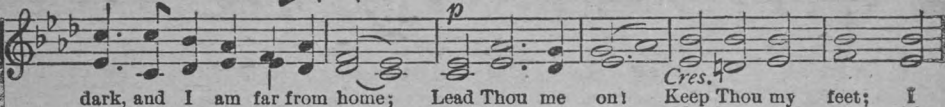
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.




1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cle-ing gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

p



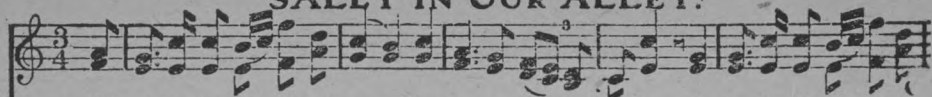
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

Cres.

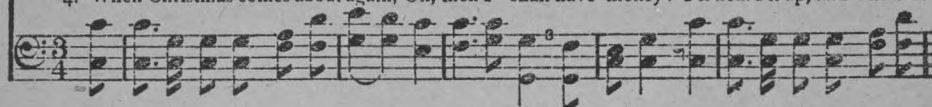


do not ask to see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years/
 an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

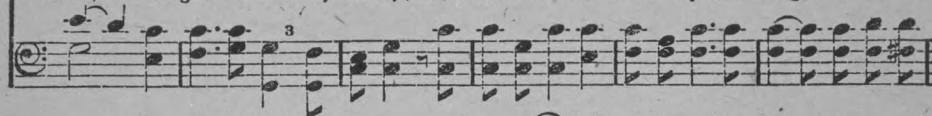
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.



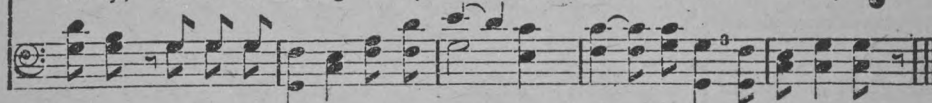
1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pretty Sally; She is the darling of my
 2. Her father he makes cabbage-nets, And thro' the streets does cry 'em; Her mother she sells laces
 3. Of all the days that's in the week I dearly love but one day, And that's the day that comes
 4. When Christmas comes about again, Oh, then I shall have money! I'll hoard it up, and bex and



heart, And lives in our al-ley; There is no lady in the land That's half so sweet as
 long To such as please to buy 'em; But sure such folks could ne'er beget So sweet a girl as
 betwixt The Sat-ur-day and Monday, For then I'm drest all in my best To walk abroad with
 all, I'll give it to my honey; Oh, would it were ten thousand pound! I'd give it all to



Sal-ly; She is the darling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley.

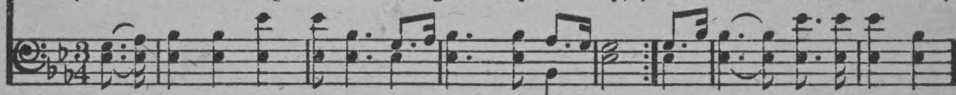


THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

F. TOW.



1. { 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; }
 { All her love-ly com-pan-ions Are fad-ed and gone; } No flow-er of her kin-dred,
 2. { I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; }
 { Since the love-ly are sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; } Thus kind-ly I scat-ter
 3. { So soon may I fol-low, When friend-ships de-cay, }
 { And from love's shining cir-cle The gems drop a-way; } When true hearts lie with-ered,



No rose-bud is nigh, To re-lect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
 Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent-less and dead.
 And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in-hab-it This bleak world a-lone!



What Customers Say of the Winnipeg Piano Co.

Gentlemen: We received our piano and are more than pleased with it. It has a very soft, sweet tone, and all of my friends think I have a dandy piano. I am certainly proud to own it.

With my best wishes for your success, I am, truly yours,

JOHN McKITRICK,
Farmer, Crystal City, Man.

Gentlemen: It affords me great pleasure to testify to the merits of the beautiful piano we purchased from you. The full sweet tone and rich singing quality are wonderfully satisfying, and I anticipate many years of enjoyment with it.

Very sincerely yours
A. HUNSTON,

Merchant Rocanville, Sask.

Gentlemen: The Piano which I bought from you and which you recommended so highly has arrived. We are delighted with it and you can rest assured we will recommend all our friends who contemplate the purchase of a Piano, to buy it from your firm who have treated us so nicely.

Yours truly,
SILVESTER LITTON,

Farmer, Willow Hill, Sask.

Gentlemen: I am pleased to inform you that the piano has arrived in perfect condition and gives us entire satisfaction. I will cheerfully recommend it to any one desirous of purchasing a Piano. In tone, workmanship and finish it exceeds our expectations, and I shall do everything in my power to recommend your firm to my friends.

Yours truly,
ALFRED HORN,

Gas Manager, Yorktown, Sask.

Gentlemen: It affords me much pleasure to testify to the exceeding high merit of the Piano I purchased from your firm.

The tone and action, which are admired by all who have tried it, are perfect.

P. TALBOT,
(Senator) Edmonton, Alta.

Dear Sirs: I received my Piano last Friday, and I am more than pleased with it. I never expected such a fine Piano for the price. I cannot express my appreciation of the way you have treated me in this matter. I was

somewhat worried about the Piano, not seeing or hearing it, but would not hesitate to recommend your judgment to anybody, since seeing my instrument.

Thanking you again for your kind treatment, I remain,

Yours truly,
E. MUNROE,
Birch Hills, Sask.

Dear Sirs: The piano I purchased from you arrived all O. K. We have had some expert players and tuners here and they all say it is as fine a piano as was ever offered for the money. We are highly delighted with it.

Yours truly,
A. STARK,
C. N. R. Car Inspector, Dauphin, Man.

Winnipeg Piano Co.,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sirs: I write to say the Piano has arrived safely and is in perfect condition. We are well pleased with it. The tone is all one could desire. Nothing has more pleased us than to have received such a beautiful instrument both in tone, action, construction and finish. I do not hesitate to say that the rich quality of the tone is practically impossible to surpass.

My husband who is a first class tenor and has sung practically all over the British Empire also endorses my statement and you certainly have a satisfied customer in us.

Any prospective customers you at any time may have in or around this district, you are at liberty to advise them to inspect my piano, and I will demonstrate to them the quality of the Instrument.

Thanking you for the kindness you have shown us in the selection of this splendid instrument,

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) HELENA A. BUSBY.,

To Winnipeg Piano Co.:

Dear Sirs: The Piano arrived today and has opened up to our entire satisfaction, just as good as if the whole family had gone to your store to make a selection, and better.

I would like a list of Music Rolls.
Yours truly,
(Signed) JAMES ANDERSON.

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